THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE PLANETS.

No. 8.

THE GEORGIUM SIDUS.

"Aliquid nostris de moribus."
JUV.

"Solvite tantis animum monstris,
"Solvite Superi; rectam in melius
"Vertite mentem." SEN.

HUMILIATING were my reflections, in finding myself placed among beings of a superiour order. The inhabitants of the planet, in which I found myself again a stranger, are in figure and deportment elegant and fascinating. The graces of their stature, lofty, noble, and commanding, are increased by the modesty of unassuming greatness. A certain air surrounds them, which inspires respect; a dignity of address, which at once conciliates esteem, and repels familiarity. Such an index to the mind could not deceive me.—I found the correspondence strict, and if I was pleased with the appearance and manners of my new associates, I was still more delighted with the readiness of their wit, the depth of their judgment, and the soundness of their understanding.

Great interest was excited by my appearance among them. To this, however, I had been accustomed in my excursions through the heavens, and, as usual, it afforded me an introduction to the better orders of society, and of this I took advantage. I was interrogated much of my native earth, and, in return, received many singular histories from my new acquaintance, one of whom, with great politeness and hospitality, attended me inseparably, and insisted on my remaining at his house, or rather palace, during my residence in this remote orb. It was my good fortune, which placed me there, for I soon found as much difference to exist between men here, as on the earth, and my host was very high in the estimation of his fellow mortals, and very deserving of their distinctive respect.

I learned, that in this planet there are no governments, each of the inhabitants is independent, and integrity they regard as the only barrier against the inroads of vice and corruption, and it renders superfluous the restraints of law. They have been induced to destroy all their governments, from a conviction that the more laws exist, the more violations are the consequence.

What delighted me more than any thing I had ever witnessed before, was the unclouded serenity and cheerfulness of every face. I eagerly inquired whether life had no cares; and if subsistence was procured without

difficulty. Surely, I thought, this is the spot, where nature throws off all reserve—No longer coy, she needs not to be pressed for her sweets, but freely offers her exhaustless store, and flings profusion round a happy land!—No: I was deceived; and soon found that the necessaries of life were, with difficulty procured, and that a flinty, sterile soil, yielded with reluctance to the ploughshare's force. Luxurious, indeed, were this once martial race; but their delicacies were not the spontaneous products of a genial clime. Whence then, I demanded, are they derived? This question produced some embarrassment, because it was one seldom thought of by the polite and well-bred Archones; this was the name of the nation into which I had been received.

The information I obtained from my host was, that the soil produced certain vegetables, by which the various animals were supported, and that these animals, as well as vegetables afforded by culinary treatment a vast variety of the most delicious viands—That a nectar was procured from certain juicy products of the autumn, which could inspire with joy and gladness the coldest hearts, and sooth the mind oppressed with grief; rob it of care, and in its room infuse the rapturous delights of Fancy's gayest dreams; but how or by whom prepared he could not tell. The entrance of a valet relieved the master's difficulty, and he was directed to satisfy my curiosity. From him I learned, that a race called Erebi had long before been brought in conquest from their native country, where a successless war had placed them in the victor's triumphal train. These Erebi are by no means of the same species with their conquerors, the Archones, but a gradation between these and the brute creation, although they appear to possess the same faculties, and are formed precisely upon the same plan; indeed so nearly do they resemble the Archones in figure and appearance, that superficial observers would suppose them of the same nature and species, which mistake I actually made, and supposed them, until my friend undeceived me, in all respects equal. Philosophers have determined that a difference exists, and the doctrine is now practically enforced, and the Erebi perform all the labours necessary for the existence, comfort and luxury of the inhabitants of the country into which I had entered. They appear, say the Archones, designed by nature for the employment. They are compelled to till the ground for its owners. If they perform the task faithfully and with industry, a reward is allotted them of the produce, sufficient for the support of life, and which their hard labour enables them to enjoy with all the zest of hunger; but if sickness obtrude, or an adverse heaven frown upon the sod, great is their reverse of fortune. The owners refuse to assign the proper cause of the scarcity, and punish, with rigour, the wretched victim of their disappointed avarice. Their wives and children share the cruel fate. Often their destiny is so severe, that mothers tear the newborn infants from the breast and rob them of that life, which they had just bestowed, to save them from the evils which themselves had borne. This cause, together with accidental deaths from starvation, and excess of labour, together with the neglect of every attention to their health, renders it necessary to supply, annually, fresh hands to the plough. The Archones foment discords among the Erebi, and the wars which result enable them to furnish a constant supply, because whichever party conquers the captives become alike the property of the Archones.

This wonderful detail much surprised me, and doubtful of the accuracy of my informer, I appealed to my host for the truth of the account; he assured me, that it was true, and that necessity compelled them to continue a practice imposed upon them by luxury and avarice.

And is it possible, I exclaimed, that here, where all is happiness, where not a sigh is heard, and where every bosom is void of care, such a system should be the foundation of your feli-

city? Happy you undoubtedly are—Every tongue proclaims it—Every eye, sparkling with pleasure, tells us that all is gayety and peace around. No, replied my host, you are deceived. Thorns infest our couches; rankling cares corrode our peace. The smiles we wear, conceals the heart's distress; but, could you look within, a picture, black as despair, would meet your view. We know not at what moment the tranquillity we boast may have an end. The Erebi have become more powerful than we, their strength and numbers far exceed our own. Revolts have already begun, and daily do we learn of new plots for our destruction. Some fools* have told them they are men, and our equals; elate with the thought, they would be our superiours. In our vicinity, they have formed for themselves societies, in which they hold the highest rank, and possess privileges from which they exclude their former masters.

Upon this representation, alas! how different were my views! All that had before appeared manly and noble, now sunk into the basest effeminacy. All that had appeared fair and delightful, now was clouded in gloom. Those talents and endowments, which had excited my warmest admiration, served but to augment my detestation of the crimes, to the commission of which they were prostituted. Into the mantling bowl Fancy infused poison. The richest dainties palled upon my palate. Pleasure fled, and I left, disgusted, the deceptive scene.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I am the more induced to offer you these pieces for publication, as you have before spoken, with kind approbation of productions from the same pen. They are "*Sketches from Nature*", and you will observe that the subjects of them are chosen from the moral, as well as from the natural world.

It is not always that a landscape painter would select his native village or city, as a subject for his canvas.—Scenes with which we are familiar from youth naturally lose their novelty and value. Thus the inhabitant of the neighbourhood of Niagara views the stupendous cataract, which he has known from boyhood to age, with few of those sublime emotions which fill the breast of a stranger. But the observation is too trite to require illustration.—We often overlook the beauties of our own surrounding fields, while stretching the eye to distant scenes. Hence, we hear of painters, who travel far from home, on a tour of landscape discovery. For my own part, Sir, I would act differently.

Indeed, as an admirer of beautiful scenes in nature which lie scattered around me, unhonoured by the painter, I have often wished that I had the pencil of a Radcliffe, to give them all her life and expression, all her *claro obscuro*, and brilliant colouring.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A Landscape.

BOSTON is encircled on the West by a beautiful bason, into which a small stream, known by the name of Charles-River, discharges itself after creeping through some of the neighbouring villages. On a clear summer morning, the view from a rising ground on the "Common", over this bason to the opposite shore, is extremely picturesque and enchanting. Indeed, the landscape has been often admired by strangers: and while such views as the falls of Niagara in America or the mountains of Switzerland in Europe, may create nobler ideas of *the Sublime*, this scene is surpassed by none in communicating to the mind whatever is understood by the *Beautiful*.—On the right appears the populous village of Cambridgeport, which already aspires to the rank of a mart of trade and commerce. After resting the eye for a moment on a rude illshapen Cupola, which rises in the midst of its buildings, you observe at some distance the spire of the elder church and the plain unadorned edifices of the University; while still farther behind

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* Similar has been the folly of certain commoners in a terrestrial legislature, Wilberforce at their head!

where the ground opens, you discover through the vista the summits of distant hills, which carry the view into the interiour of the State.—Such is the prospect on the right, but the scenery before you is indescribably luxuriant. From the shore, the ground becoming gradually more elevated, separates, as it swells, into various hills, which seem to repose in peace on the bosom of the water. These beautiful hills present a magnificent tapestry, decorated with all the richness of nature, orchards, groves, lawns, and pastures, displaying every variety of verdure, from the deep foliage of forest trees, to the softer colours of the corn-field; while the work is spangled o'er with many a gay and airy villa, which gives relief to the picture. On the left, as far as the eye is permitted to stretch, this beautiful view is closed by the Blue Mountains, which tower over the surrounding country in gloomy grandeur, adding a tinge of sublimity to the whole scene.

How often have I resorted to these grounds, in those pure moments of the morning, when the sun sheds his virgin beams on this side the hills, and while the grass has not yet been shorn of its dew. Then, while the earth teemed with rich vegetation and the air was perfumed with all the fragrance of the morn, I have imagined to myself for a time, that created nature was silently pouring forth its incense to the Authour of all Being.

Characters.

Camilla has a wholesome featured visage, and a strong sturdy built figure. Without any pretensions to female softness, shall I say purity, she combines all the spriteliness and frivolity of her own sex with the more turbulent dispositions of the other. She is a romp. She is a man spoiled. The cast of her person is masculine, and so also are her habits and manners. She aspires to be thought "independent," and the distinguishing feature of her character is carelessness of the feelings of others. When all around her have been involved in anxiety and grief, I have seen her continue as noisy and unfeeling as ever; and so far does she push this affectation, that I should not be surprised to find her whistling at a funeral, or jumping the rope in the midst of an earthquake.

Camilla too can lampoon with admirable skill, and swear with all the ease of an old practitioner. It seems to me impossible to love such a woman, and yet Camilla has not been without her suitors; but alas! like bees, who perch upon a juiceless flower, they touch only on the surface and soon fly off—What then are her prospects of future happiness? Probably her volatile temper will grow saturnine; probably from being a romp in youth, she will be a termagant in age.—Camilla was evidently intended for the washing-tub, but that arch jade Nature, who so often makes herself merry at the cost of us mortals, dropped her, as if by chance, on a pile of guineas.

Camilla mistakes the true character of woman.—She is anxious to be thought eccentrick, and she despises equally the lecture of her monitor, and the scorn of the world.—Whoever affects this stubborn contempt for surrounding circumstances and characters, has a hard lesson to learn. The world may live without us, but we cannot live without the world; the soil can flourish without the plant, though the plant cannot thrive without the soil. In our passage through life, it is often at least prudent to yield to the whims, the inconsistencies, and even to the injustice of mankind; it is safer to bend to the storm with the osier, than be uprooted with the oak.

How opposite to Camilla's is the character of *Eudora*,

Admired Eudora,

————worth
What's dearest to the world!
So perfect, and so peerless.

Eudora presents to the eye, a light, ærial form, "so delicate, that as it floats upon the gaze, it seems like the incarnation of some ethereal spirit, which a sigh too roughly breathed would dissolve into its kindred air." Though her features may not be formed to draw the common stare of admiration, yet they discover something so interesting, so unearthly, so much virtue, so much sense and intelligence, that we regard her at once with reverence and affection. And her whole soul is not less angelick. It is now long since I saw Eudora, but the image of her gentle, unobtrusive character is still vividly impressed on my mind. Sincere, humane and conciliating, it seems her highest ambition to be distinguished for all the mild and silent virtues; and at that age when most of her sex are won by the glitter of life, it is said that she still loves seclusion even in the metropolis, shrinking as it were intuitively from the seductions of the scene. Happy disposition. She possesses that feminine softness, that pensive aspect of character, which engage the feelings in her favour, even on a transient acquaintance; and she is all simplicity and innocence, for she is unacquainted with those interests which give rise to artifice and affectation. I have heard Eudora observe with the utmost ingenuousness, that, though seldom gay herself, she was always made happy by the smiles and cheerfulness of others. Eudora has too much virtue not to be religious, and too much understanding not to comprehend her faith; her religion is pure and undefiled before God and the Father, for she delights

to kindle the smiles of happiness around her, and, at the same time, to keep herself unspotted from the world.

Long may it be before the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl broken;—may the sweetest gales of happiness bear her softly down the current of Time, and at last land her safely on the shores of Eternity.

CRITICISM.

For The Port Folio.

The Independency of the Mind, Affirmed. A Poem, in two parts, with occasional notes.

The following preface will sufficiently explain the intention of the authour.

"The discussion of a question in conversation lately with a friend, gave rise to the following Essay. The controversy originated in his advancing, as a position, That the atrocities committed in France during the Revolution, proceeded from each other in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of acting otherwise than as the people did act; which he illustrated by the simile of bricks placed on end, and falling, through a long line, in consequence of a blow given to the first one, just hard enough to knock it down. This position was denied; and a few evenings afterwards the line from Young's Night Thoughts, with which this poem commences, being read, was claimed by both disputants as a text suitable to their respective opinions.

The writer is too much of a recluse to be very anxious concerning the rank in which this little work will place him as a poet. Though the fire of his eye is not dimmed by age or infirmity, he has lived long enough to know, that human applause, or human censure ought not to be the capital consideration of his mind. Nor is he fond of controversy with any one, whose ear is disingenuously shut against the voice of fair and dispassionate argument.

He is a lover of mankind; a friend to the diffusion of true knowledge: and he is earnest in his endeavours to spread before the view of other minds, those ideas respecting the great principles of Being, which he has found, after much anxious search, to be most satisfactory to his own."

We were surprised to find a poem of this nature, dated at "Locust Bridge, on the Ohio; and in this age of amatory poets, it is no small merit to have

"—— sat on a hill retir'd,
In thought more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute."

On the subject of the controversy we give no opinion; our business is with the poet.

The production before us appears to have been hastily written, as there are several errours, which a careful revision would have easily detected. The authour has taken the style of COWPER for his model, and in many passages imitated it very closely. This similarity must strike the most unpractised ear in the following lines, with which the poem commences:

"Objects are but th' occasion; man's th' exploit."
—Were I a preacher, and were this my text,
And as diffusive as the theme my strain,
In what an orbit should my spirit move,
Discursive, through th' expanse of intellect!
But since alone the subject, not the voice
Of the grave teacher, nor his learned skill,
To cut and mince, divide and subdivide,
Is mine by adaptation, I restrict
To narrower bounds the poet's tethered range.

And again:

The tenant of this mansion-house, the world,
Receiv'd it from his Lord in such fit case
As needed no repair,—good, perfect, great.
His tenure was in *Soccage;* and he held
By right of *sufferance*. Fealty, alone,
Comprised the services he had to do;
A service of the heart, which, freely done,
Secur'd him the *domain*. His was the soil,
To dress and till,—the usufruct all his.
For him the harvest ripen'd in the field;
And herbs and flow'rs beneath his footsteps sprang,
To catch his roving eye, and on the breeze
Pour'd their rich odours to regale his sense,
Eager to mingle with his spirit, theirs.
For him the fruitage cluster'd on the bough,
Inviting to be pluck'd; and Earth's broad lap
Displayed her vast fecundity for him.
Nature's *bright* side was next him;—for his Lord
Cast with his smile a happiness throughout,
A sunshine of the soul: that smile withdrawn,
Leaves Nature as she is—dull, dreary, dark.
Man soon withheld that homage, which he owes
To his superiour, whereupon the smile
Of happiness was pendant, broke his tenure,
And drew the shade of Nature o'er his soul.

The joys of Paradise are his no more,
And Eden decks not her parterre for him.

The following is somewhat in the tone of Dr. Young:

—Is this too much to say of Earth's frail worm,
A mere Ephemeron, which buzzes round
This atom world, and spreads his mealy plumes,
Vainly to glisten in that sun's bright beam
Which sees, ere noon, his garish pinions fade?

But while we find much to praise in the matter, we discover some inaccuracies to censure in the manner. There are several words used, which can be found only in a *Columbian* vocabulary; and an affectation of others, that have long been obsolete: as, *gemmeous* ore, dross *despumed*, *theorick* plans, glorious *regentship*, *thunderous* neck, &c. from the Miltonick elevation of which, there is a great descent to such exclamations as,

So *lobs* of clay (and seeing men are clay,
How *pat* the chosen simile comes in!)

Thou, as a *bit* of a philosopher.

That 'tis no *chancework-job* thus to perform.

Men's diet ought to *jingle all in tune.*

Nor will she *grudge the sweating and fatigue.*

I, as sage Reason's royal advocate,
Though feebie in the way of argument,
And feebler still to *squeeze it into verse.*

Every reader must be struck with the tautology of

Th' astrictive bias, convolutive bent.

And,

Their sympathies, and their *inflexious turns.*

Such lines as

Make Horrour and Ruin rule over all,

bid defiance to all measure; and naughty and naughtiness, which frequently occur, are downright nursery language.

On the whole however, we are pleased with the performance, the first part of which only we have seen, and exhort the authour to "persevere in the race" he is running. He has read profitably, thinks justly, and, with some attention to the melody of his versification, will write ably.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

AN EXAMINATION

Of the causes that have retarded the progress of literature in The United States.

(*Continued from page* 389.)

In The Port Folio of the 20th of June last, an acute and elegant writer, whose signature is Falkland, and who has often contributed valuable essays to this paper, instituted an Examination of the causes which have retarded the progress of literature in the The United States. This speculation concluded with a promise that the subject would be resumed. The authour having fully and unanswerably demonstrated that American literature is in its swaddling bands, and exposed in the cradle, is naturally led to inquire, why the darling child, like other favourites, is not nourished and fostered until it reach maturity. This question he now proposes in this paper. The queries of Falkland are distinctly made, and will produce nothing but an embarrassed answer. He draws a curious, but very accurate picture of the origin and literature of some of those fugitives, who under we know not what pretext of civil and religious liberty, wandered to the Wilderness of the West. Leaving this gloomy sketch, crayoned as it were, with a charcoal, our candid artist, willing to look at his subject, in a more favourable light, places his dear country in her *independent* attitude, surrounds her with all the emblems of Peace and Tranquillity, gives her a placid countenance, and supports her by Patriotism and National Pride. While surveying so splendid a group, we naturally look for Learning and Genius among the figures, and expect to discover both the poet and the patron. We see Wealth in the foreground, and Wealth in the background, and unexampled prosperity everywhere. But the temple of the Muses, and the munificent Mæcenas are sought in vain.

To drop the metaphor: Falkland having traced our progress from a *lair of wild beasts* to the abodes of Peace and the mansions of Luxury, states, in terms hard to be gainsayed, that *now*, with our immense resources, and without the *shadow of an apology*, Literature languishes in a most inglorious and disgraceful obscurity, *because men leave in cold neglect every liberal pursuit;* because *Avarice is the*

tutelary power of the country; because *we are distracted by feuds and factions of the most rebellious and virulent character;* because *our modes of education are shamefully and egregiously deficient;* because *Classical learning is in the lowest repute;* because we have not a NATIONAL UNIVERSITY with all the endowments of an Oxford; and lastly, because the government itself is inauspicious to the votaries of the Muse. These circumstances are copiously enumerated by our friend, and not without a just indignation. Without dwelling with him on some of the primary causes which obstruct the progress of learning in this country, we will briefly advert to two, which the hardiest and most frontless of the vapouring tribe may not dare to defend.

In our immense territory, there is not an American but who would be fired with indignation, at the mere surmise of any lack in our pecuniary resources. On the contrary, whether you visit the hovels of the boor, or the Banks of the City, nothing is more distinctly heard than the tale of our unprecedented prosperity. The country is fertile beyond belief. The opulence of many individuals would shame the revenues of Oude or Orixa. Of the precious metals, and of their representative, paper, there is a *surplus* quantity. Our Treasury, its officers and the Chief Magistrate tell us so, in a tone of boasting exultation, is overflowing with plenty. Individual and national coffers are heaped, and pressed, and running over. As it is the general vaunt, we presume it will hardly be denied. If, for any magnificent or meritorious purpose, it were necessary for the fiscal chests to be doubled, such is the copiousness of our means, the multiplication might be made without a murmur!

What then prevents the ample foundation and liberal endowment of a *National Seminary* not one jot, or one tittle inferiour in its pretensions to those of Oxford and Cambridge?

Nothing but the narrow genius of a pseudo-economical administration.

Now this naturally brings us to the most curious part of our subject, which leads to results altogether of a romantick, enigmatical, and inexplicable character.

The chief ruler of our republick is a person by the name of Jefferson, formerly, we believe, an *obscure provincial advocate* in Virginia, and afterwards a voyager to France, where he contracted a fondness for false philosophy, and French idioms. He has written a book, made certain experiments, is reputed to be of a studious humour, is a member of the French Institute, and of some other learned societies. He affects the language, habits, and manners of a philosopher, and is a man of science and letters, or,—he is nothing.

Next to him is the Secretary of State, a Mr. Madison, another Virginian Attorney, who makes many pretensions to skill in the occult sciences, and who is believed by many well-meaning persons to be one of the most learned of the Columbians. He is undoubtedly more deeply tinctured with literature than the great majority of his friends, and, *aut Erasmus, aut Diabolus*, he too is either a Scholar, or he is nothing.

Thirdly, our Secretary of the Treasury, who, according to his own account, has plenty of money at his command, is a stranger from Geneva, who kindly sojourns among us, and takes care of our national property. This alien officer is confessedly a man of splendid talents, and a profound scholar, and it is not a little comforting, both to our patriotism, and our pride, that the man of the greatest abilities in the administration is a foreigner.

Here then we have the three greater officers of our government,—a literary triumvirate, though not exactly resembling that of Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus, yet pretending a love for Learning, and carefully enregistering themselves on her roll of admirers. Will these great men condescend to inform the country, by the next post, what portion of national affluence is employed in the foundation of Colleges, in the encouragement of Artists, and in the support of useful and ornamental learning?

To every one, however slightly he may survey the subject, the cause which will primarily suggest itself is, *the youth of the country.* Nations, in their progress to maturity are uniformly marked, at different stages, by certain employments, which they exclusively follow. With them, infancy and adolescence are the seasons of active exertion, and provident industry. The field is cleared, and rudely tilled to supply the proximate necessities of life, ere the parterre is decorated, or the garden adorned. The simple habitation of the rustick precedes the stately edifice of luxurious expense. The arts, coarse and mechanick, are adopted and practised, while the liberal are neglected and despised. The useful is preferred to the ornamental.

But, in a more advanced state of society, when an ample leisure arises out of an exemption of these pressing exigencies, pursuits, elegant and refined, solicit national regard, and become studiously professed.

Prior to this auspicious period, with no people, whose history is recorded, have letters flourished. They have

glimmered transiently through the obscurities of the night, but have maintained no permanent illumination.

But it has been said with some degree of plausibility, by those who have tried to depreciate our genius, that our literary sterility is, in no respect, entitled to this defence, because our origin was *peculiar* and *distinct*. It is true, that an example exactly parallel to ours has not existed. Most nations, nursed in barbarism, have moved on to the heights of civilization and learning, by slow and impeded progression. They have been their own guides, and without any collateral aid, have pioneered their way. We, on the contrary, were a section of a polished people who carried with us, in our emigration, a part of whatever Europe had to boast at the time, and though remotely separated, were not deprived of her science, her arts, and philosophy.

These, we must confess, were singular advantages. Circumstances, however, attended our infancy, which countervailed them, and rendered it, perhaps, not more favourable than the primitive condition of any other people.

Let it not be forgotten, that our ancestors came, emphatically, to a *new world!* When they arrived, this continent was a dreary, inhospitable, and dismal desert, in which nothing was to be seen but the wild products of nature, and little to be heard, save the howl of the " tenants of the forest," or the whoop of the rude savage.

Neither did The United States receive a fair proportion of the European community. They were colonized chiefly by the refuse of its population who fled from Europe, or were transported hither to expiate their crimes. With these, was mixed a more respectable description, who, intoxicated by the fumes of Puritanism, sought an asylum from what *they conceived*, a religious and political persecution.

The latter class comprehended a few tinged with learning. But a wilderness is not precisely the seat of the Muses. The literature, therefore, which was imported into the colonies did not prosper. For a century succeeding its colonization, the country gave birth to no literary production which is not beneath criticism. The small number of individuals who casually cultivated letters, wasted their talents on topicks of polemick divinity, or in speculations equally idle and unavailing.

Fortunately, the common character and dispositions of the early inhabitants accorded better with their situation. Bold, hardy, active, and adventurous, they were a race capable of encountering danger, and of overcoming any complication of toil and difficulty. Like mariners wrecked on a desolate shore, without the hope of escape, their first care was, to provide for the wants of existence, and next to improve their settlement. How diligently the work of improving the country was commenced by them, and has since been prosecuted by their successours, its present elevated rank in the scale of nations incontrovertibly proves.

Whatever benefit, moreover, we may, originally, have derived from our intimate connexion with Europe, it seems probable that it was ultimately injurious.

The facility with which it procured us foreign literature, and particularly that of the parent state, so well adapted to our taste and our wants, may be supposed to have repressed the exercise of our own genius, and to have retarded the increase of native productions. The effect, indeed, of such dependence must be, to break the springs of emulation, and to smother the kindling sparks of ambition.

At the revival of letters, we saw its influence clearly manifested. The literary annals of Europe, for a considerable period after that noted event, contain no one work of originality, nor a single new contribution to the stock of human knowledge. This is justly ascribed to the servile veneration entertained for the writings of antiquity. Prompted by their enthusiasm, the literary votaries of the age under review, were penetrating the

recesses of monasteries, where the "literary misers" had secreted, or exploring the ruins where the devastating Goth or Saracen had buried these treasures. There is no trace of an exertion of their own minds, except it be in the study and collation of the works which their industry had redeemed.

But as soon as genius asserted its privileges, and loosened the trammels which had restrained its flight, it soared again into its chosen regions of invention and discovery, and gave to modern literature its brilliant achievements.

These, unquestionably, were the remoter obstructions to American literature. But from the moment we assumed a rank among the independent nations of the earth, their influence was so far reduced by the amelioration, which the country underwent, as to justify the prediction, that we should speedily become as illustrious for our literary proficiency, as we had been previously commended for our extraordinary commercial, and economical success. If we have failed to realize a prospect on which the pride of patriotism delighted to dwell, we are to reproach for the disappointment, our own supineness and neglect. For surely, since the revolution, The United States have possessed many, and might have commanded all the advantages, which the culture of letters exacts.

While Europe has been distracted by external war, or convulsed by internal commotion, by the ruin of its states, and the overthrow of its empires; while its regular governments have been dislocated from their sockets, and even the frame of civil society itself broken and deranged, we, exempt from the ravages of the tempest, have continued our rapid career, with no abatement of prosperity, or interruption to our peace. Seizing the auspicious occasion, "we should have beckoned to our securer shores, the trembling virtues, the patient industries, the curious researches, and the forsaken Muses," and by the graciousness of the reception, "*naturalized*" them among us.

But interwoven with the happy condition that the country has enjoyed, causes are discernable which have depressed the ascendancy of its genius, and dwarfed the growth of its literary renown.

Conspicuously among these, we mean to notice, is, *that want of patronage which leaves in cold neglect, every liberal pursuit.*

We are taught, that letters have alone flourished in those countries, where they have been admired, and their professours honoured and protected. Without such treatment, they may have burst forth in casual brightness but have never shone with the steady lustre which gilds and ennobles the reputation of a people. Homer, and Bacon,* and Shakspeare are not exceptions. They were prodigies whose appearance cannot be reconciled with the usual course, or settled laws of mental development. Their origin was one of those anomalies which sometimes occur, seemingly to mock the regularity, and break the order of Nature's operations; to excite the amazement of the ignorant, and confound the speculations of the learned.

Literary distinction, we maintain, is the result of assiduous care and liberal attention. Though of celestial origin, Genius, if not brought to a benignant soil, and "invigorated with the enlivening beams of encouragement, will wither in the bud, and give its fragrance to the winds."

But in the United States, Literature is niggardly patronized, and slenderly befriended. Government, we need not be told, holds out to its disciples, neither the temptation of honour nor the allurement of pecuniary recompense. Individuals have done as little to promote its interests. No Mæcenas, or Pollio has appeared among us, to animate its course.

Booksellers, who in Europe have often proved its benefactors, are in

* Roger Bacon, who lived in the 10th century; the discoverer of gunpowder, &c.

this country, with some limited exceptions, venal traders, who would rather sap by extortion than support by a liberal interposition, its helplessness.

Literary exertion receives its only encouragement from the publick at large, which is weakened by its diffusion, and shorn of all its grace and efficacy, by the manner of its dispensation.

To supplicate for support;—to beg as a mendicant, the alms of charity, degrades the dignity of letters; and yet, who has ventured to publish a work without the solicitation of subscriptions? In these humiliating applications, the only resource of literature, Genius, instead of being greeted with the smiles of kindness, and the courtesy of benevolence, is often repulsed by the scorn of the irascible, and the insolence of *vulgar* greatness.

(*To be continued.*)

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

For The Port Folio.

Parke's Chymical Catechism.

Mr. James Humphreys has just published a Chymical Catechism, for the use of young people, with copious notes for the assistance of the teacher; to which are added a vocabulary, useful tables, and a variety of amusing experiments by S. Parkes, Manufacturing Chymist, with the following motto from Fourcroy.

"Tout homme que recoit une education liberale compte aujour d'hui la Chimie, parmi les objets les plus indispensables des ses etudes." This popular introduction to a useful Science is a handsome volume large octavo. In Nicholson's Philosophical Magazine, a work which as a scientifick work has a high rank among the most esteemed of the journals, we find a very favourable character of this Catechism. The object of this publication, says Mr. Nicholson, is to unfold the Science of Chymistry to *artizans* and *young people*, by way of question and answer. It is written in an elegant and popular manner, and rendered as amusing, as it is instructive. The answers are concise and fitted for the memory, occasionally the subject is dilated and difficulties cleared up by a more ample illucidation, and this is very properly brought forward in the form of notes. The publication of this work is another proof of the care Mr. H. constantly manifests to publish the most *useful* books for the benefit of some of the most active and interesting members of society. Chymistry should compose a part of the education of every youth, designed to be a manufacturer. We are told by high authority that every person who has received a liberal education at this enlightened period justly ranks a knowledge of Chymistry as an indispensable acquirement. It is *absolutely necessary* for the manufacturer, and it is useful and ornamental to a man of letters. To the attainment of the *principles* of Chymistry and a knowledge of some of its most interesting results, all that is requisite while we are in the *portal* of the Science is a brief, intelligible, and elementary treatise rendered attractive by a series of simple yet striking experiments, and making thus Amusement the handmaid of Instruction. This is precisely the character of the volume before us. But let the authour speak for himself. He says the text of his treatise was undertaken without any view to publication, being intended merely for the instruction of an only child. Finding, however, as he proceeded that it would unavoidably attain a larger size than he expected, and conceiving that its catechetical form gave it a simplicity and plainness not usually found in works of this nature, he was led to think of the propriety of publishing it. Other considerations then presented themselves; and from a high opinion of the value of Chymical knowledge, and the vast importance of inspiring a taste for it in early life, he imagined it might not be thought presumptuous, were he to give to the world what had cost him so much trouble to complete, and what he considered to be better calculated to teach the rudiments of the science to

young people than any other book with which he was acquainted. Having endeavoured to give the whole rather an inviting appearance than otherwise even to youth, he presumed that such a performance might prove exceedingly useful in those seminaries where the preceptors have not had leisure or opportunity to study more elaborate treatises, and that it would also enable parents who are not qualified by previous acquirements to instruct their children in the elements of Chymistry, than which there can be nothing more essential in whatever line of life a youth may be destined to move. But a more powerful motive was the desire to exhibit in a popular form, a body of the most incontrovertible evidence of the wisdom and beneficence of the Deity, in the establishment and modification of those laws of matter, which are infinitely and beautifully varied, and whose operation is too delicate to be the object of general notice. For if it could be proved to the satisfaction of youth that matter is subject to a vast variety of laws which escape common observance; and that, in the adjustment of those laws, the most minute attention, if it may be so expressed, has been paid to our convenience and comfort—it was imagined such a detail would tend to make a more indelible impression on the young mind than the display of the same goodness which come under our daily notice and observation.

If, as Tilloch has observed, Chymical research conducts to the knowledge of philosophical truth and forms the mind to philosophical enlargement and accuracy of thought, more happily than almost any other species of investigation in which the human intellect can be employed, then the study of this science cannot be too strongly recommended.

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Etheridge & Bliss's edition of Doddridge's Family Expositor.

Messrs. Etheridge & Bliss, booksellers at Boston, have published three volumes of that clear, candid and liberal performance of the pious Dr. Doddridge, The Family Expositor; or a Paraphrase and Version of the New Testament; with critical notes and a practical improvement of each section—Containing the History of our Lord Jesus Christ—as recorded by the four Evangelists, disposed in the order of an Harmony. This is the first American from the eighth London edition, is accurately printed from it page for page, and will be comprized in six vols. octavo.

Though the writer of this article is not a member of that sect, of which Dr. D. was one of the brightest ornaments, yet a *Church of England man* may find much in these volumes to admire and approve. Like Dr. Watts, Dr. Doddridge was one of the most Catholick of the Dissenters, and had no disposition to rail at men, like Priestley, or to burn them like Calvin. Our learned, industrious, and accomplished authour has promoted the cause of Christianity. As it is elegantly remarked by his editor, he was beloved and respected by Christians of all denominations; by his own countrymen and by foreigners, by the wealthy and the poor, by the *EPISCOPALIAN and the dissenter, by the mitred dignitary, and the village Curate. Doddridge was an excellent classical scholar. He was not content to read the Gospel with enthusiasm and sensibility, but with *understanding* also. When he scrutinized the sense of Scripture he did not, with the vain-gloriousness and self-sufficiency of a *gifted* visionary, imagine that the light of his understanding was sufficient. He lighted as well as he could, his taper of human reason, but then, to produce a brighter radiance, he brought the torch light of Athens, and the Classick lamps of antiquity.—Prior to his critical disquisitions on theological topicks he studied HOMER with assiduity, and enriched his mind from the treasury of modern and ancient eloquence. Such was "the mildness of his spirit, the fervour of his piety, and the extent of his knowledge, that his works have been translated into most European languages, and have been admired in proportion as they have been read."

* This is indeed a high and honourable distinction.

A work of such a noble nature, the offspring of such a liberal mind, deserves the most generous encouragement. We understand that the publick manifest no penurious spirit on this occasion. Liberality in this instance, as in many others, is generous policy. He who casteth his bread upon the waters will find it again after many days, was the opinion not only of one of the most magnificent of princes, but of one of the wisest of mankind, who in this respect, as well as in many others, may be considered a perfect oracle.

These valuable volumes are enriched with a very interesting Biography, very elaborately written in a spirit of cordial friendship, by Dr. Kippis, one of the respectable editors of the *Biographia Britannica*. The perusal of this narrative will invigorate the mind; for if any stimulus can remove the palsy of indolence, or any spell lay the phantom of procrastination, if any voice can persuade to perseverance or accelerate the pace of industry, it is the distinct enumeration of the literary labours of DODDRIDGE and the account of his economy of time.

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Messrs. B. B. Hopkins & co. Booksellers of this city, have recently offered to Criticks, Theological Students in particular, and Classical scholars in general, one of the most copious catalogues of rare books and valuable editions ever exhibited in this country.—For particulars we refer every scholar to the covers of The Port Folio

But among this mass of Biblical, Grecian, and Roman literature, we must particularly indicate to learned curiosity the two greater Polyglotts. The first beautifully printed by Plantin, seconded by Cardinal Spinosa, and patronized by Philip II of Spain. The second, the Leipsic edition, with the Latin version of Schmid, and the German version of LUTHER. The Bible of Bertramus of Geneva,

The edition of the Hebrew Bible and the Greek Testament, printed by Plantin and edited by Montanus,

The Bible of Buxtorf—Wetstein's admirable edition.

Hutter's *wonderful* Polyglott Greek Testament.

Henry Stephens's Greek Testament:

And above all,

Mill's edition of the Greek Testament, published in folio, at OXFORD, at the UNIVERSITY Press, 1707. of which critical and splendid edition, the learned Michaelis thus speaks:

The infancy of criticism ends with the edition of Gregory, and the age of manhood commences with that of Mill. It has, moreover, been justly remarked that this publication is, undoubtedly one of the most magnificent that ever appeared, and the edition of Wetstein excepted, probably the best and most accurate *exemplar* of the sacred text. This distinguished performance was the labour of thirty years, and Mill finished it only fourteen days before his death

In the Prologomena of 168 double columned pages the editor has given a masterly detail of the various editions and versions of the New-Testament, and an accurate account of the relative excellence of the MSS. which he has quoted or referred to These prologomena are pronounced by Harwood to be "a treasure of Sacred criticism;" Michaelis observes, that, notwithstanding those of Wetstein, they still contain a great deal of matter not to be found in his edition, and of the matter, which is common to both, some things are explained more clearly by Mill. The Prologomena are followed by an index of the various MSS. editions, and versions therein mentioned: and an index of the more remarkable passages of scripture explained. The body of the work comprehends about 809 pages; the text is from the third edition of Robert Stephens: this is followed by an appendix of 64 pages to the former notes. The *type is large, clear, and beautiful, impressed on excellent paper;* the various readings and parallel passages amounting to about 30,000 in number, are placed below the text in smaller characters. See Dibdin's Introduction to the Knowledge of rare

and valuable editions of the Greek and Latin Classicks, Polyglott Bibles, and the Greek Septuagent, and Testament.

The works of the more eminent fathers, of St. Basil, the two Gregorys, Ambrose, Eusebius and Irenæus, among which we regret that we cannot perceive the eloquent Homilies of St. Chrysostom.

The Bipont edition of the Greek and Roman classicks, among which without adverting to the authours of the middle age, and the *Scriptores de Re Rustica*, we perceive many of the Greek Philosophers and Historians, and among the Latin, Cicero, Quintilian, Tacitus, Livy, Cæsar, Terence, Celsus, Sallust, the Plinys, Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Phædrus, Juvenal, Quintus Curtius, Suetonius, &c.

ALSO

Foulis's folio Greek Homer, magnificent.
Wolfius's do. accurate.
Burman's Anacreon.
The OXFORD Xenophon.
The Glasgow Tacitus, &c.

Carey's editions of School and Family Bibles.

Mr. Mathew Carey, Bookseller of this city, has constantly in his press, a very great variety of accurate and elegant editions of the Holy Bible. He has spared neither pains nor expense, to render his copies of the Sacred volume worthy of the publick approbation. Many of the most pious and learned of the clergy, and several eminent lay scholars have borne cheerful testimony to the merit of these editions. The paper, printing, maps, and plates will sustain a rigorous scrutiny, and the copies, in particular for the use of schools and families, are sold at a price sufficiently reasonable. In some of his editions the Apocrypha is retained; in others it is omitted. Some elegant bibles are ornamented with plates, others at a cheaper rate, have none. Here the Scotch Psalms, and there a Concordance and maps are published. In short, the praiseworthy proprietor of this blessed book, has neglected no mechanical means to suit the taste or to meet the finances of every purchaser.

POLITE LITERATURE.

For The Port Folio.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

(*Concluded from page* 315.)

Our authour has, in a very desultory manner, rambled from subject to subject, but satire appears to be his favourite one. Here, however, we cannot, in general, praise him. He is far from being elegant in the choice of his language, which is, for the most part, downright railing; and this we do not think sufficiently justified by the examples of the ancient satyrists, the vulgarity of whose expressions affords no favourable ideas of their own manners. His subjects also, which are local, have lost much of their interest; and we are unwilling to recal the recollection of feuds long past. In the phrase of the aborigines, the tomahawk is buried, and we wish not to dig it up. It is the more to be regretted, that Freneau wasted so much of his time in this manner, as he has convinced us that he is capable of better things. As a proof of that kind of satire, which can

"Tickle, while it gently probes the wound."

we select the following lines from The Life of Hugh Gaine, which we are disposed to mention with much encomium.

Now, if I was ever so given to lie,
My dear native country I would not deny;
I know you love Teagues, and I shall not conceal
That I came from the kingdom where Phelim O'Neale
And other brave worthies ate butter and cheese,
And walked in the clover fields up to their knees:
Full early in youth, without basket or burden,
With a staff in my hand, I passed over Jordan,
I remember my comrade was doctor Magraw,
And many strange things on the waters we saw;
Sharks, Dolphins, and sea dogs, bonettas and whales,

And birds at the tropick with quills in their tails,
And came to your city and government seat,
And found it was true you had something to eat;
When thus I wrote home—" The country is good,
They have plenty of victuals and plenty of wood:
The people are kind, and, whate'er they may think,
I shall make it appear I can swim where they'll sink;
And yet they're so brisk, and so full of good cheer,
By my soul, I suspect they have always new-year,
And therefore conceive *it is good to be here.*"
So said, and so acted—I put up a press,
And printed away with amazing success;
Neglected my person, and look'd like a fright,
Was bother'd all day, and was busy all night,
Saw money come in, as the papers went out,
While Parker and Weyman were driving about,
And cursing, and swearing, and chewing their cuds,
And wishing Hugh Gaine and his press in the suds.
Ned Weyman was printer, you know, to the king,
And thought he had got all the world in a string,
Though riches not always attend on a throne,
So he swore I had found the philosopher's stone,
And call'd me a rogue, and a son of a bitch,
Because I knew better than him to get rich.
To malice like that 'twas in vain to reply—
You had known by his looks he was telling a lie.
Thus life ran away, so smooth and serene—
Ah! these were the happiest days I had seen!
But the saying of Jacob I've found to be true,
"The days of thy servant are evil and few!"
The days that to me were joyous and glad,
Are nothing to those which are dreary and sad!
The feuds of the *Stamp-Act* foreboded foul weather,
And war and vexation all coming together:
Those days were the days of riots and mobs,
Tar, feathers, and tories, and troublesome jobbs—
Priests preaching up war for the *good of our souls,*
And libels, and lying, and Liberty-Poles,
From which, when some whimsical *colours* you wav'd,
We had nothing to do, but look up and be sav'd—
You thought, by *resolving*, to terrify Britain—
Indeed, if you did, you were damnably *bitten;*
Well, as I predicted that matters would be
To the stamp-act succeeded a tax upon *Tea:*
What chest-fulls were scatter'd, and trampled, and drown'd,
And yet the whole tax was but three pence *per* pound!
May the hammer of Death on my noddle descend,
And Satan torment me to time without end,
If this was a reason to fly into quarrels,
And feuds that have ruin'd *our* manners and morals;
A parson himself might have sworn round the compass,
That folks for a trifle should make such a *rumpus,*
Such a rout as to set half the world in a rage,
Make France, Spain, and Holland with Britain engage,
While the Emperour, the Swede, the Russ, and the Dane
All pity JOHN BULL—and run off with his gain.
But this was the season that I must lament—
I first was a whig with an honest intent;
Not a rebel among them talk'd louder or bolder,
With his sword by his side, or his gun on his shoulder;
Yes, I was a whig and a whig from my heart,
But still was unwilling with Britain to part—
I thought to oppose her was foolish and vain,
I thought she would turn and embrace us again,
And make us happy as happy could be,
By renewing the era of mild SIXTY-THREE.
From this very day till the British came in,
We lived, I may say, in the desert of Sin;
Such beating, and bruising, and scratching, and tearing,
Such kicking, and cuffing, and cursing, and swearing;
But when they advanced with their numerous fleet,
And WASHINGTON made his nocturnal retreat,*
And which they permitted, I say, to their shame,
Or else your *New Empire* had been but a name,
We townsmen, like women, of Britons in dread,
Mistrusted their meaning, and foolishly fled.
Like the rest of the dunces, I mounted my steed,
And galloped away, with incredible speed.
To Newark I hastened,—but Trouble and Care
Got up on the crupper, and followed me there!
There I scarcely got fuel to keep myself warm,

* From Long-Island.

And scarcely found *spirits* to weather the storm:
And was quickly convinced I had little to do,
The Whigs were in arms, and my readers were few,
So, after remaining one cold winter season,
And stuffing my papers with *something like treason*,
And meeting misfortunes and endless disasters,
And forced to submit to a hundred new masters,
I thought it more prudent to hold to the *one;*
And, after repenting of what I had done,
And cursing my folly, and idle pursuits,
Returned to the city, and hung up my boots.
As matters have gone it was plainly a blunder,
But then I expected the Whigs must knock under,
And I always adhere to the sword that is longest,
And stick to the party that 's like to be strongest:
That you have succeeded is merely a chance,
I never once dreamt of the conduct of France—
If alliance with her you were promis'd, at least,
You ought to have showed me your STAR *in the east*,
Not let me go off uninformed as a beast.
When your army I saw without stockings or shoes,
Or victuals,—or money, to pay them their dues,
Excepting your wretched Congressional paper,
That stunk in my nose like the snuff of a taper,
A cart load of which for a dram might be spent all,
That damnable bubble, the *old Continental*,
That took people in at this wonderful crisis,
With its *mottoes* and *emblems*, and cunning *devices*,
Which, bad as it was, you were forced to admire,
And which was, in fact, the pillar of fire,
To which you directed your wandering noses,
Like the Jews in the desert conducted by Moses,
When I saw them attended with famine and fear,
Distress in their front, and Howe in their rear,
When I saw them for debt incessantly dunned,
Nor a shilling to pay them laid up in your fund,
Your ploughs at a stand, and your ships run ashore—
When this was apparent, and, need I say more?
I *handled* my cane, and I *looked* at my hat,
And cried—"God have mercy on armies like that!"
I took up my bottle, disdaining to stay,
And said—"Here's a health to the *Vicar* of *Bray*,"
And cocked up my beaver, and strutted away.

Ashamed of my conduct, I sneaked into town,
Six hours and a quarter the sun had been down,
It was, I remember, a cold frosty night,
And the stars in the firmament glittered as bright
As if, to assume a poetical stile,
Old Vulcan had give them a rub with his file.
'Till this cursed night, I can honestly say,
I ne'er before dreaded the dawn of the day,
Not a wolf or a fox that is caught in a trap,
E'er was so ashamed of his nightly mishap—
I couldn't help thinking what ills might befal me,
What rebels and rascals the British would call me,
And how I might suffer, in credit and purse,
If not in my person, which still had been worse.

Having thus rambled through Freneau's Poems, with a spirit of no illiberal criticism, it may not be amiss to mention our regret at the authour, in several places, giving us cause to censure him for principles, which, in this country, are rarely in union with genius. Providence, while she permits the pest of Jacobinism to range at large among us, has kindly shown her in her foulest colours; she displays no elegance of form, no fascination of manners, no persuasion of eloquence, but rude and deformed, is equally disgusting to the spirit of philosophy and to the eye of taste.

We have mentioned some causes of the little encouragement given to our *bards;* but we confidently look forward to a time not distant, when we may say, in the words of Cicero: *Rudem enim esse omnino in nostris poetis, aut inertissimæ signitiæ est, aut fastidii delicatissimi. Mihi quidem nulli satis eruditi videntur, quibus nostra ignota sunt.*

Should another edition of these poems be published, we recommend, that the 455 closely printed pages of the present one be diminished to less than half that number, by the omission

of a large part of its contents, and give the following as a table of all that is worthy of preservation.

The Deserted Farm-House
The New-England Sabbath-day-Chace
The Wish of Diogenes
Epitaph on a man killed by a pretended Physician
Humanity and Ingratitude
The Desolate Academy
Advice to a Friend
The Vernal Ague
The Market Girl
The Jug of Rum
The Indian Student
The Oratour of the Woods
On the Sleep of Plants
The Prisoner
Quintilian to Lycidas
The Indian Burying-ground
The Almanack-maker
The Scornful Lady
The Vanity of Human Existence
The Drunkard's Apology
On Tobacco
The Bay Islet
The Man of Ninety
Santa Cruz
On the Death of Captain Biddle, of the Randolph
The Seaman's Invitation
On several of the crew of a certain Ship of War, that happened to have a name similar to those of celebrated foreign Clergymen.
The British Prison Ship as far as we have quoted
Amanda's Complaint
Stanzas addressed to an Old Man
On the Ruins of a Country Inn
The Political Balance, or the fate of Britain and America compared, 1782
Sir Henry Clinton's Invitation to the Refugees
On General Arnold's Departure from America
Prophecy of the Indian King, Tammany
Political Biography; or the Life of H. Gaine
On the Departure of the British forces from Charleston
On General Washington's retirement from publick life, after having, with a patriotick army, established the Independence of The United States of America
The Triumphal Arch, occasioned by rejoicings in Philadelphia on the acknowledgment of the National Independence
Pewter-Platter Alley, in Philadelphia
The Hurricane
On the New-Years' Festival
On the Vicissitudes of Things
Devastations in a Bookseller's Library
Sketches of North American History
To Lydia, a young Quaker Lady
Log-town Tavern
Hatteras
The Newsmonger
The Wintry Prospect
The Invalid
The Drunken Soldier
Carribeana
An Authour, on Authourship
Slender's Journey
The Wanderer
St. Catharine's Island
Marcella in a consumption
Addressed to a Deceased Dog
To the Memory of a Lady
To a Dog, occasioned, &c.
To Clarissa, a handsome shop-keeper
To Cynthia
Balloons
To Cynthia
Federal-Hall
Neversink, or the Heights near Sandy-Hook
To Zoilus, a severe Critick
To Cracovius Putridus
To My Lord Snake, a title hunter
To Misfortune
Epistle supposed to be written by Dr. Franklin, deceased, in answer to certain silly effusions of poetical panegyrists
The COUNTRY PRINTER
To Mr. Churchman, on the failure of his Petition, &c.
The Pyramid of the Fifteen American States

Fontenelle, at the age of 97, after saying many amiable and gallant things to the young and beautiful Madame Helvetius, passed before her, without perceiving her, in order to place himself at table—"See," said Madame Helvetius, "how I ought to value your gallantries, you pass before me without looking at me." "Madame," said the old man, "*If I had looked at you, I could not have passed.*

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